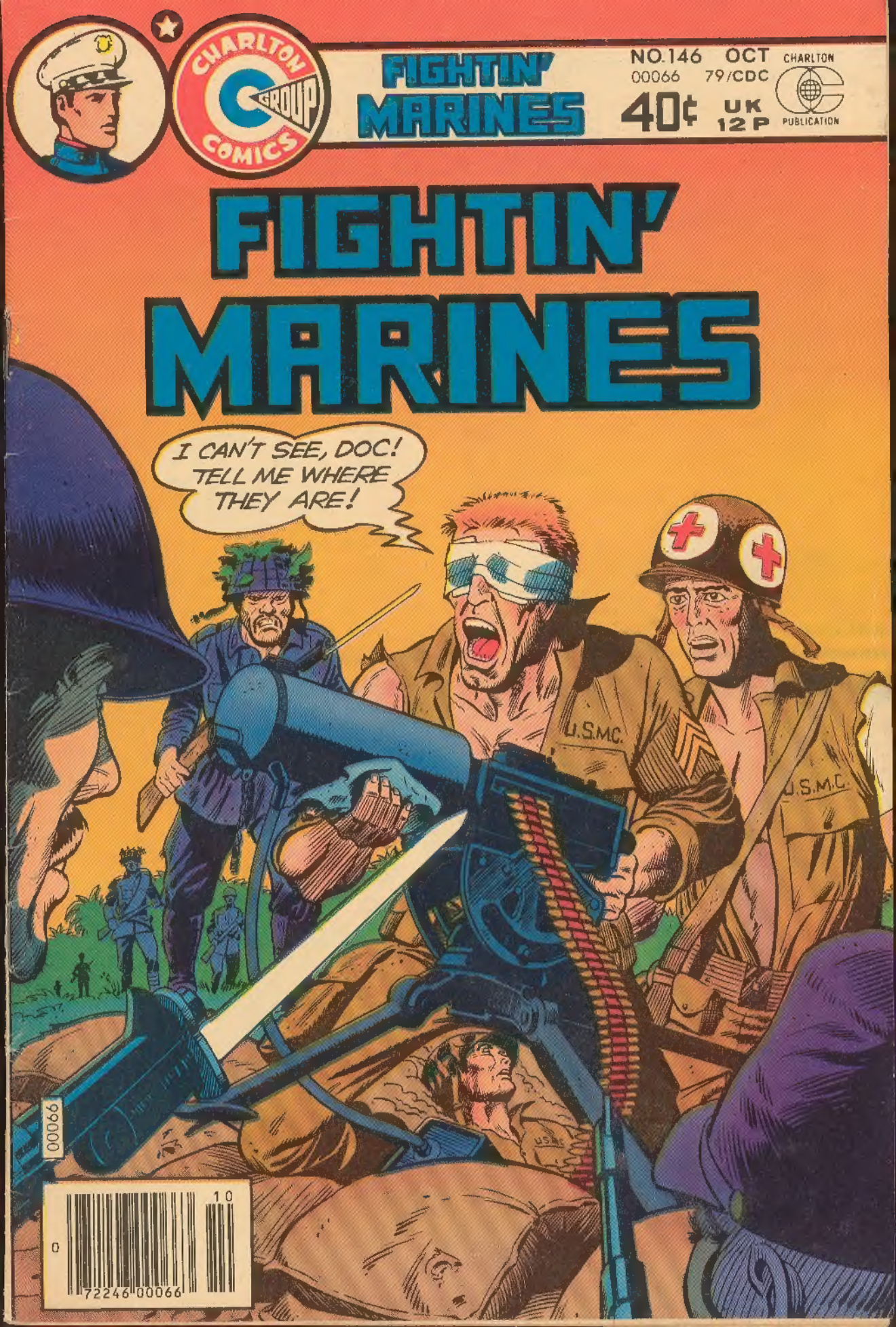
CHARLTON COMICS GROUP
FIGHTIN' MARINES
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CHARLTON PUBLICATION
FIGHTIN' MARINES
I CAN'T SEE, DOC! TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE!
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NEAR THE CAMBODIAN BORDER, AN O-10 LIGHTPLANE SKIMS THE TREE-TOPS...AND GIVES FIGHTIN' MARINES SHOTGUN HARKER AND HIS SKINNY, WEAK-EYED, TIMID COMPANION, CHICKEN SMITH, A FRIENDLY WAVE! WHICH TURNS SGT. HARKER INTO A FROTHING MANIAC!

THEY MUST LOVE US, CHICKEN

C-646
WHAT'S EATING YOU, SHOTGUN? THE ZOOMIE'S JUST BEIN' FRIENDLY, IS ALL!
FRIENDLY? 'ANY SLOPEHEAD WITHIN TEN MILES O' HERE LOOKIN' UP AT THAT RETARD WILL KNOW WE'RE HERE! I'D LOVE TA BUST THAT EAGLE'S BEAK, I WOULD! IF I HAD THE RIGHT WEAPON, I...
BLAM
...I'D DO WHAT SOMEBODY ELSE JUST DID!

STORY: JOE GILL LETTERING: C. JETTER ART: SAM GLANZMAN

FIGHTIN' MARINES Vol. 11, No. 146, October, 1979.
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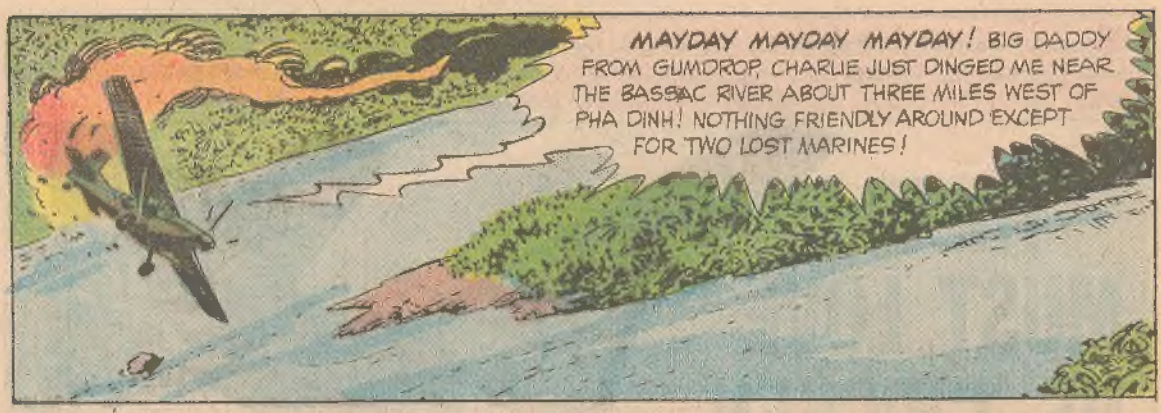
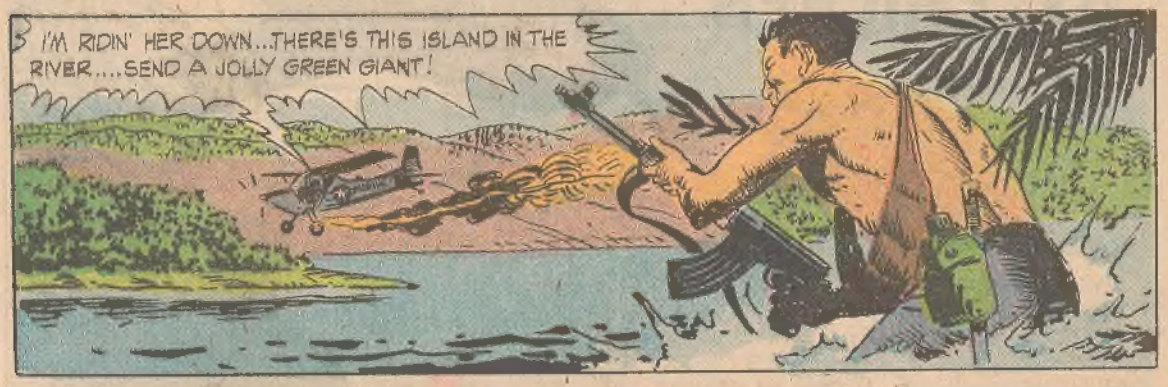
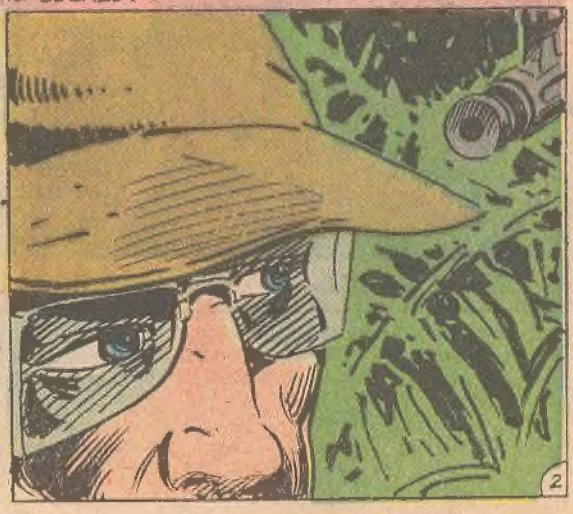

MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY! BIG DADDY FROM GUMDROP CHARLIE JUST DINGED ME NEAR THE BASSAC RIVER ABOUT THREE MILES WEST OF PHA DINH! NOTHING FRIENDLY AROUND EXCEPT FOR TWO LOST MARINES!



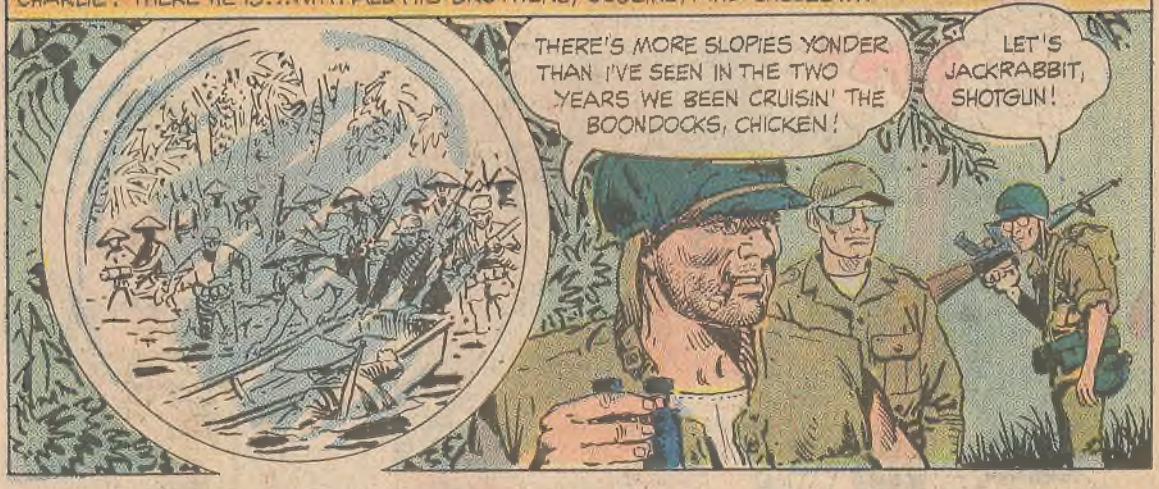
THE PILOT CLAMBERS OUT OF THE BURNING PLANE.... JUST IN TIME!

THE PILOT HEARS THE WHISPER OF LEAVES AS THE V.C. APPROACHES...THEN THE AUTOMATIC WEAPON IS COCKED!



THEN, A SUDDEN WHISTLE ATTRACTS CHARLIE'S ATTENTION! HE TURNS...
GOOD-BYE, CHARLIE!
BA
M
THANKS, MARINE! THAT TWELVE GAUGE CANNON REALLY DID A JOB ON CHARLIE!
NEVER MIND THE SWEET TALK, ZOOMIE! WE GOTTA GET OFF THIS ISLAND!
CAN'T LEAVE...GOTTA WAIT FOR THE JOLLY GREEN GIANT! I RADIOED FOR ASSISTANCE... THEY'LL BE ALONG PRETTY QUICK!
I DUNNO, BIRD-DOG... I GOT THE WORD THERE WAS A MORTAR ATTACK ON DA NANG...A COUPLE GREEN GIANTS GOT ZAPPED!
WELL, YOU TWO HEROES DO SOMETHIN'... CHARLIE'S JUST ACROSS THE RIVER ZEROIN' IN ON US RIGHT NOW!

HARKER HAS BINOCULARS AND HE SCANS THE BOONIES...AND LIKE THE SONG SAYS WHERE'S CHARLIE? THERE HE IS...WITH ALL HIS BROTHERS, COUSINS, AND UNCLES....


THERE'S MORE SLOPIES YONDER THAN I'VE SEEN IN THE TWO YEARS WE BEEN CRUISIN' THE BOONDOCKS, CHICKEN!
LET'S JACKRABBIT, SHOTGUN!

I'VE GOT MORE RANK THAN YOU SEA-GOING GRUNTS! YOU'VE GOT TO STAY WITH THE SHIP! THAT'S AN ORDER!
FIRST TIME A ZOOMIE EVER PULLED RANK ON ME, CHICKEN! PROB'LY AN OVER-AGE SECOND LIEUTENANT!

THEN...A SAMPAN IS PUSHED INTO THE BASSAC RIVER...OTHER V.C.S. STRADDLE LOGS AND START PADDLING! IT LOOKS LIKE SHOTGUN AND CHICKEN ARE GOIN' TO THEIR LAST MUSTER IN THE SKY!

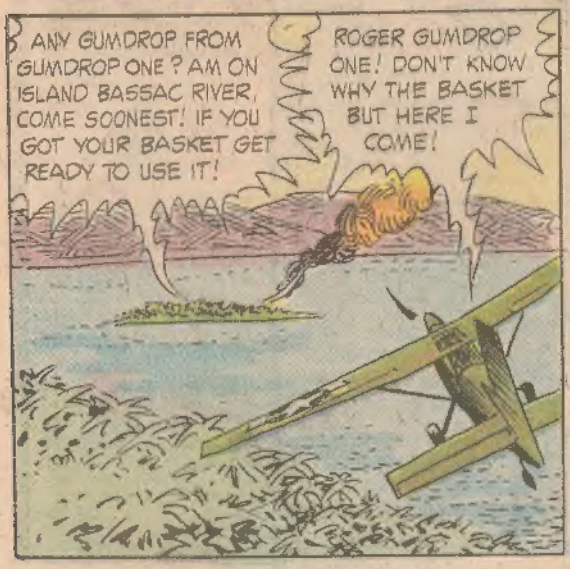
BIG DADDY, THIS IS GUMDROP ONE! WHERE IN HADES IS THAT * JOLLY GREEN GIANT? WE ARE UNDER HEAVY ATTACK...SEND A * MAGIC DRAGON OR A FEW * SPORTS CARS!
ASK FER A TURKEY DINNER TOO, ZOOMIE!
TIK TIK TIK
BLAM
BAM

* JOLLY GREEN GIANT-- *HELICOPTER*....** MAGIC DRAGON-- *DC-3 WITH 7.6 MM GATLING GUNS*.....
*** SPORTS CARS-- *F-5 FIGHTERS*

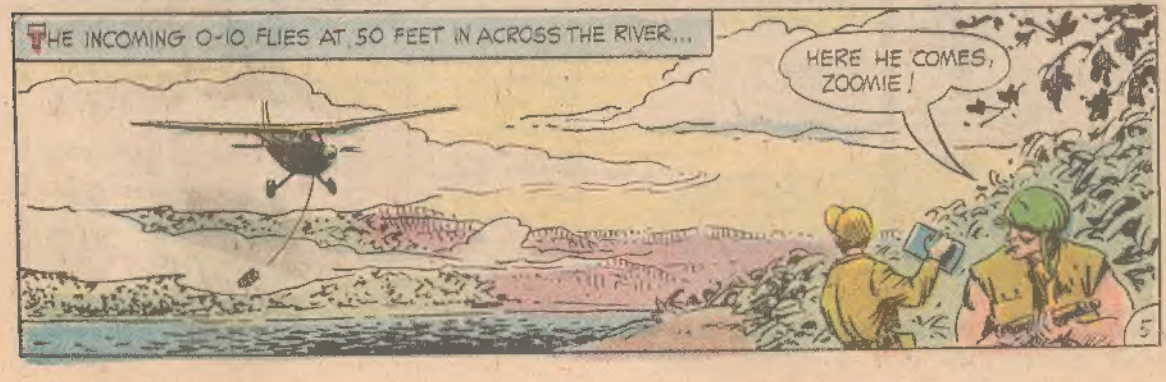
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

SHOTGUN'S DOUBLE-BARRELED CANNON BELCHES DEATH AT THE CHARLIES AND CHICKEN STITCHES THEM UP WITH HIS M-16! MEANWHILE, ZOOMIE (MARINE AND GRUNT LANGUAGE FOR PILOTS) KEEPS FUSSING AROUND HIS BURNING PLANE...

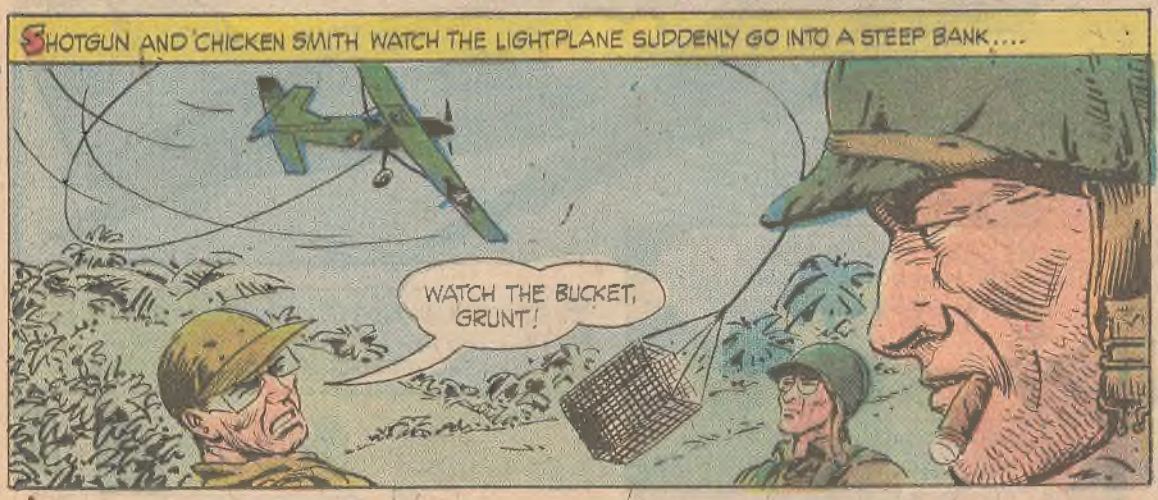
WHAT'S ZOOMIE DOIN' NOW, SHOTGUN?
PROB'LY WANTS HIS SAIGON STREET MAP OUTA THE WRECK, CHICKEN! SHUT UP AN' KEEP FIRIN'!
K-TK TK TK
BAM BAM


ANY GUMDROP FROM GUMDROP ONE? AM ON ISLAND BASSAC RIVER, COME SOONEST! IF YOU GOT YOUR BASKET GET READY TO USE IT!
ROGER GUMDROP ONE! DON'T KNOW WHY THE BASKET BUT HERE I COME!

BASKET? I'VE SEEN CHOPPERS LOWER A ROPE TO GRUNTS FOR A PICK-UP BUT HOW CAN A REG'LAR AIRPLANE DO IT?
LOAD UP AND GET READY TO BEAT CHARLIE OFF.. YOU'LL SEE HOW IT WORKS!



YA GOTTA TOSS IT AT THE BASKET, ZOOMIE! GIMME, I'LL GIVE HER A TRY!
THROTTLE DOWN, EAGER BEAVER, AND WATCH!
TUK TUK TUK TUK TUK


SHOTGUN AND CHICKEN SMITH WATCH THE LIGHTPLANE SUDDENLY GO INTO A STEEP BANK....
WATCH THE BUCKET, GRUNT!

IT...IT'S NOT MOVIN'!
OF COURSE NOT...
?

THE PLANE IS BANKING IN A TIGHT CIRCLE...THE WING TIP IS ACTUALLY STAYING OVER THE SAME SPOT ON THE GROUND! OKAY...HE'LL LEAVE NOW!

THANKS, GUMDROP THREE FROM GUMDROP! GET THOSE PAPERS TO BASE RIGHT NOW!
YESSIR AND GOOD LUCK, GUMDROP ONE!
SALLY FOURTH

AS THE CHARLIES MASS FOR ANOTHER ATTACK, A SLOW-FLYING RELIC OF ANOTHER WAR....LIKE A RESURRECTED GHOST....LUMBERS OVER THE ISLAND! SHE WAS BUILT IN 1942 BY THE DOUGLAS PEOPLE...A TWIN-ENGINE TRANSPORT CAPABLE OF 140 MPH WHEN EVERYTHING'S WORKING RIGHT. BUT PUFF, THE MAGIC DRAGON, HAS THE MOST MODERN ARMAMENT SYSTEM IN VIET NAM!

I WANT ALL THREE GUNS ON THE LINE! GET READY...*GUMDROP ONE* IS DOWN ON THAT ISLAND!

WITH THREE GUNS FIRING, WE'LL PULVERIZE CHARLIE!

JUST ONE OF THESE BABIES FIRES 6,000 ROUNDS PER MINUTE...WITH ALL THREE HOSING CHARLIE, HE'LL REALLY GET ZAPPED!

THE TIGHT BANKING TURN IS USED ONCE MORE... PUTTING THE DC-3 AT LOW ALTITUDE AND ALMOST ZERO GROUND SPEED OVER THE ENEMY HORDE!

BUDDA BUDDA

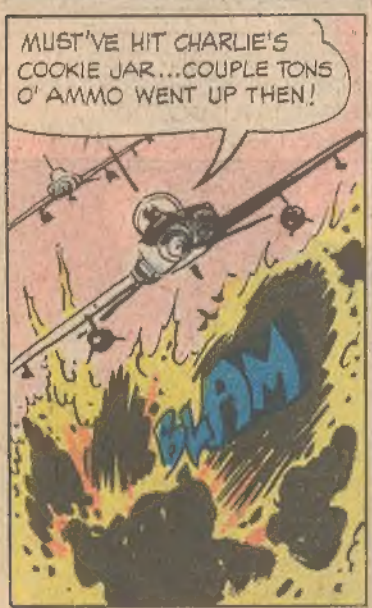
RELOAD...WE'LL FLY THE OTHER BANK OF THE RIVER!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

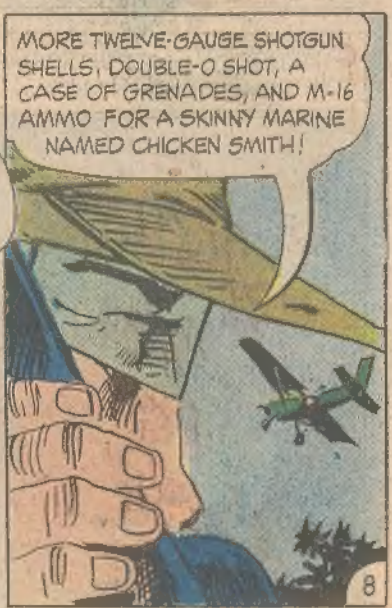
ZIP TZING POK TCH POK BLOOW TCH TWAK TCH POK TCH POK TCH POK TCH POK TCH POK TZING TZING ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP

WE'VE HELD 'EM OFF OKAY SO FAR...BUT THEY'LL OVERRUN THE ISLAND WHEN IT GETS DARK!
NEVER SAW THEM SKINNY RUNTS SO SET ON CAPTURIN' ANYBODY! I GUESS THEY RECKAG-NIZED CHICKEN AN' ME!

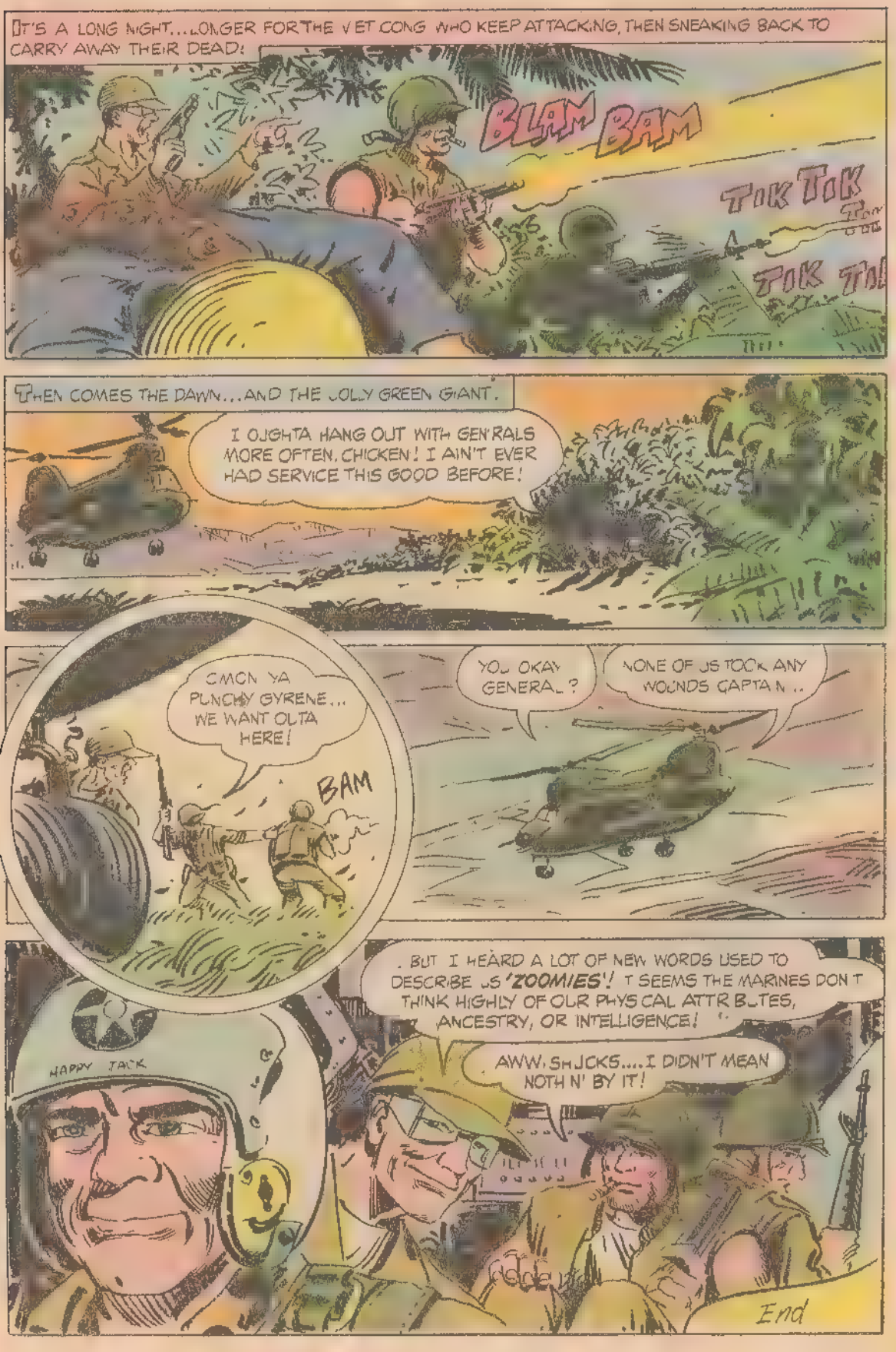
AFTER PUFF, THE MAGIC DRAGON, LEAVES, THE F-5'S OR "SPORTS CARS" ARRIVE! SO-CALLED BECAUSE THE TINY FIGHTER PLANES ARE QUICK AND MANEUVERABLE...BUT CARRY A FANTASTIC PAYLOAD OF BOMBS AND AMMO!



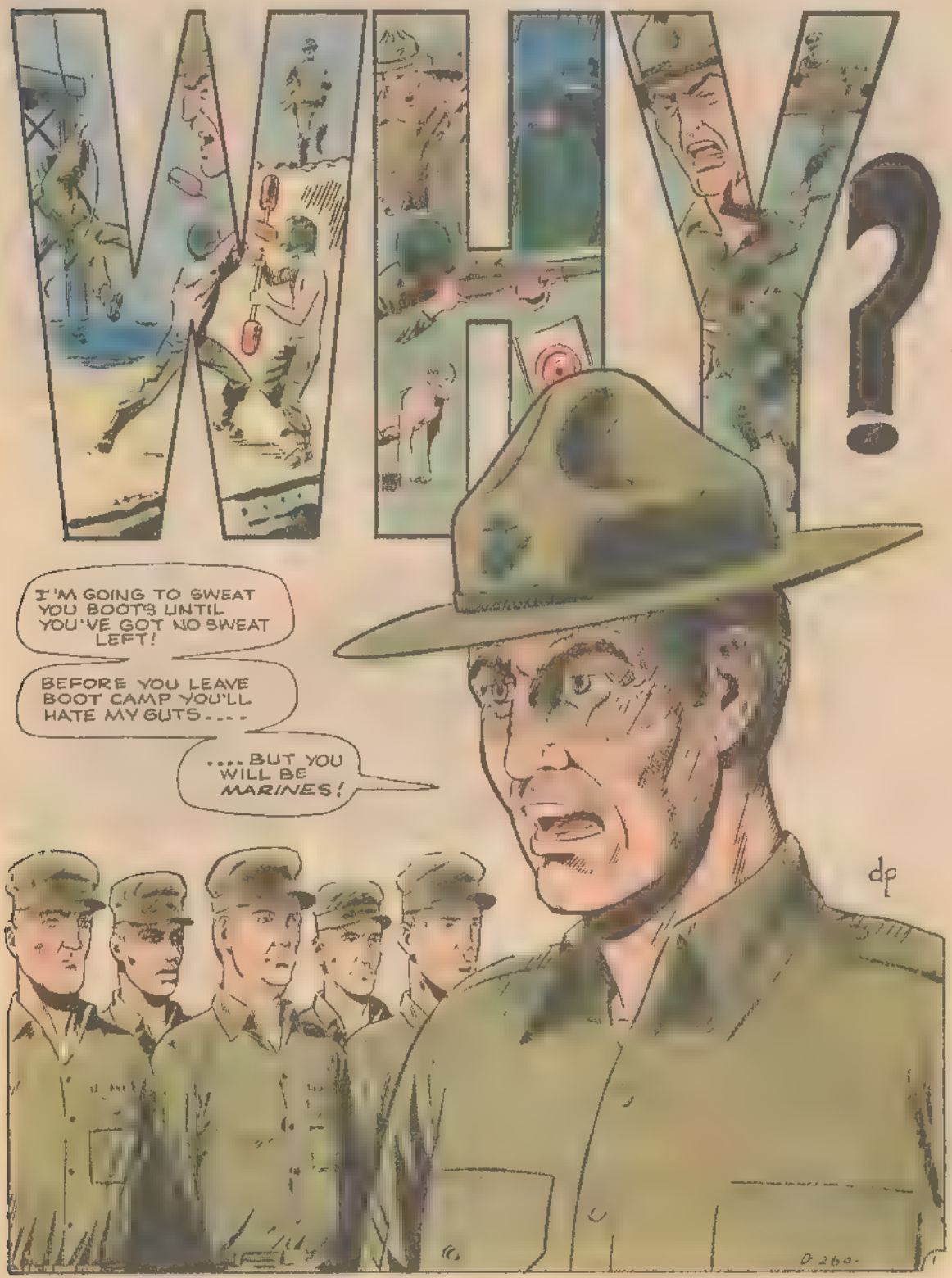
ALL THAT SHOW-OFF STUFF WON'T HELP MUCH, ZOOMIE! WE'RE GONNA BE HERE AFTER DARK!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT! THERE'S STILL TIME FOR THEM TO AIRDROP US A FEW NEEDED ITEMS!



IT GETS DARK QUICKLY ON THE MEKONG DELTA.... AND AS THE DARKNESS CREPT IN, SHOTGUN HARKER HEARS THE CHARLIES OUT THERE WHISTLING TO EACH OTHER...GETTING READY TO ATTACK ONCE MORE!
JUST IN CASE WE GET CLOBBERED, YA DON'T WANTA DIE AMONG STRANGERS, ZOOMIE. WHAT'S YORE HANDLE?
SMITH... JOE SMITH...
GENERAL JOE SMITH, AIR FORCE AREA COMMANDER! THAT'S WHY WE'RE GETTING SUCH STRONG SUPPORT FROM THE ZOOMIES!
GULP!!
SLAP
IT'S ALSO WHY WE'RE GETTING SO MUCH ATTENTION FROM CHARLIE! HE KNEW I WAS IN THE FAC PLANE... PROBABLY ONE OF THEIR SPIES AT BASE FLASHED THEM THE WORD! GET READY, SHOTGUN...CHICREN!
CHARLIE IS MASSED IN THE DARKNESS, CONFIDENT OF VICTORY NOW...
THEN...WITH QUIET ENGINES THROTTLED BACK, PUFF, THE MAGIC DRAGON, ARRIVES ON THE SCENE....AND RELEASES A 2,000,000 CANDLEPOWER FLARE!
THERE THEY ARE, SHOTGUN! OPEN UP!


IT'S A LONG NIGHT...LONGER FOR THE VET CONG WHO KEEP ATTACKING, THEN SNEAKING BACK TO CARRY AWAY THEIR DEAD!
BLAM BAM
TAK TAK
TAK TAK
THEN COMES THE DAWN...AND THE JOLLY GREEN GIANT.
I OUGHTA HANG OUT WITH GEN'RALS MORE OFTEN, CHICKEN! I AIN'T EVER HAD SERVICE THIS GOOD BEFORE!
CMON YA PUNCHY GYRENE... WE WANT OUTA HERE!
BAM
YOU OKAY GENERAL?
NONE OF US TOOK ANY WOUNDS CAPTAIN..
HAPPY JACK
...BUT I HEARD A LOT OF NEW WORDS USED TO DESCRIBE US 'ZOOMIES'! IT SEEMS THE MARINES DON'T THINK HIGHLY OF OUR PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES, ANCESTRY, OR INTELLIGENCE!
AWW, SHUCKS....I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN' BY IT!
End

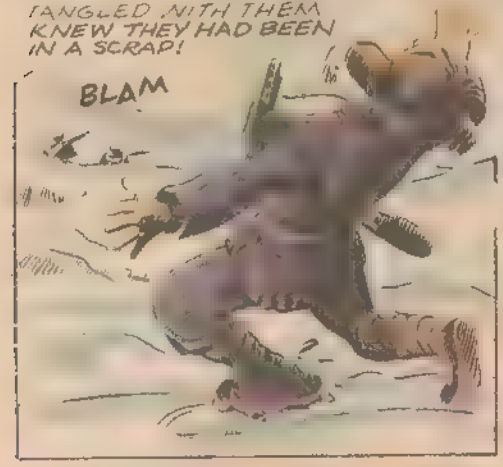
A MARINE BOOT CAMP HAS ALWAYS BEEN TOUGH ON THE MEN WHO ARE CALLED BOOTS.... THE UNITED STATES MARINES ARE VOLUNTEERS BUT WHEN THE TOUGH DRILL INSTRUCTORS START CHEWING THEM OUT THEY BEGIN TO WONDER **WHY**.... **WHY** THE GUT-WRENCHING DRILLS.... WHY THE ENDLESS MARCHES.... WHY DID THEY INSIST THAT A MARINE HAD TO BE TOUGHER THAN OTHER FIGHTING MEN?


WHY?
I'M GOING TO SWEAT YOU BOOTS UNTIL YOU'VE GOT NO SWEAT LEFT!
BEFORE YOU LEAVE BOOT CAMP YOU'LL HATE MY GUTS....
....BUT YOU WILL BE MARINES!
dp
D 260

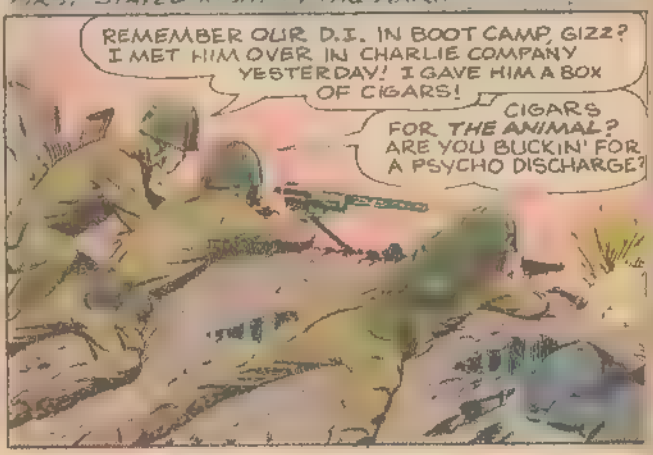
NIGHT MARCHES .. DAY AFTER DAY ON THE RIFLE RANGE!

THE MARINE TRAINING NEVER GOT EASY . WHEN KOREA CAME ALONG, THE MARINES WERE READY

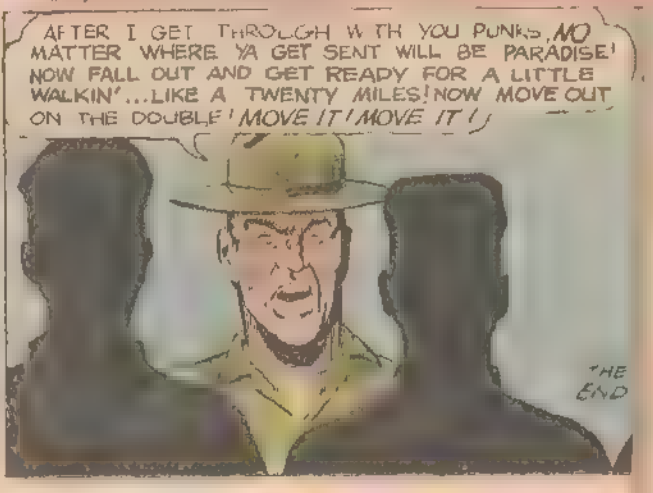
THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION HAD BEEN OUT NUMBERED EIGHT — TO ONE BUT THE CHINESE WHO TANGLED WITH THEM KNEW THEY HAD BEEN IN A SCRAP!

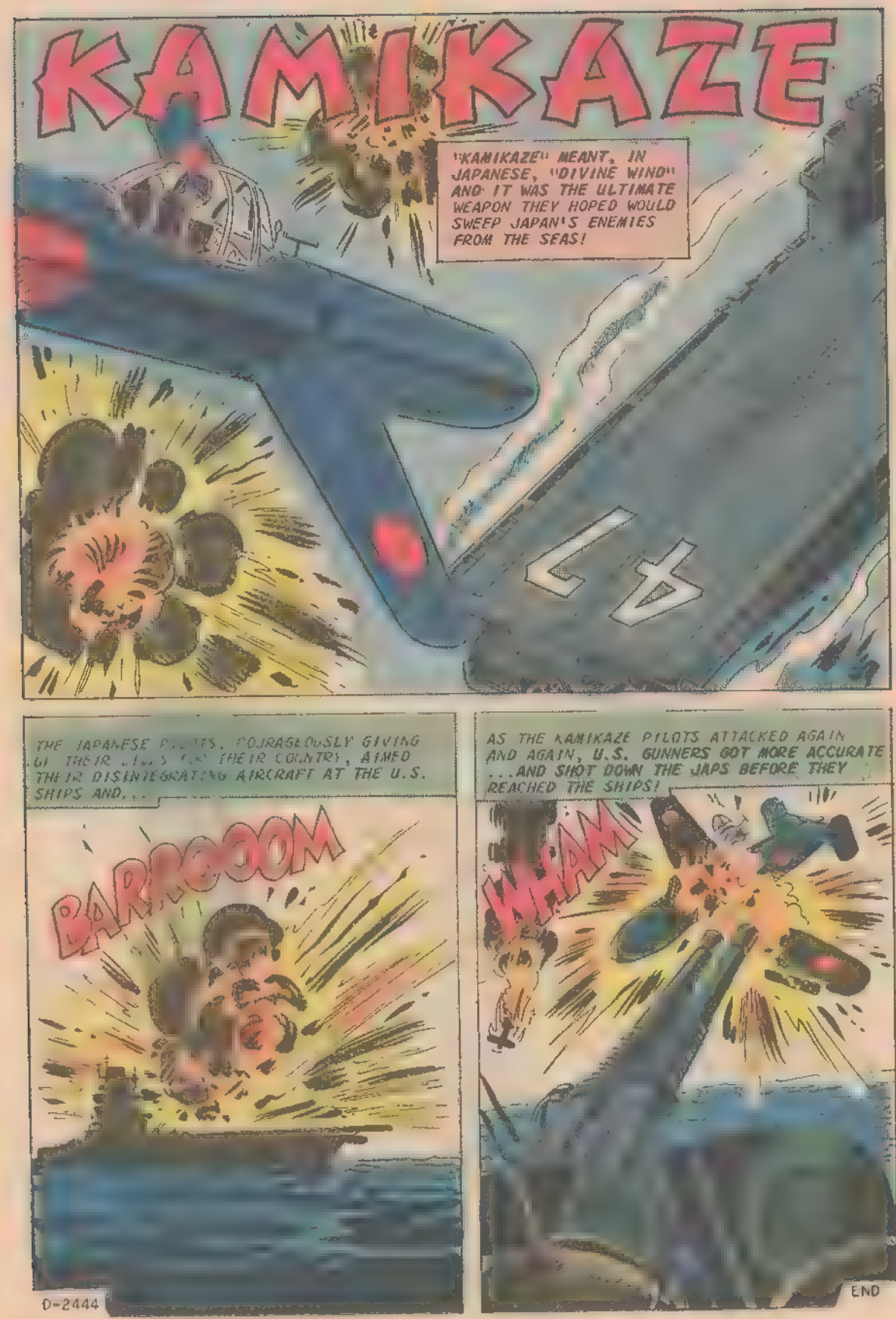


IT EIGHT DIVISIONS WHO TRIED TO WIPE OUT THE MARINES HAD TO BE WITHDRAWN .. THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH LEFT TO REORGANIZE! BUT THE MARINE FIRST STAYED RIGHT IN THE WAR..


REMEMBER OUR D.I. IN BOOT CAMP, GIZZ? I MET HIM OVER IN CHARLIE COMPANY YESTERDAY! I GAVE HIM A BOX OF CIGARS!
CIGARS FOR THE ANIMAL? ARE YOU BUCKIN' FOR A PSYCHO DISCHARGE?

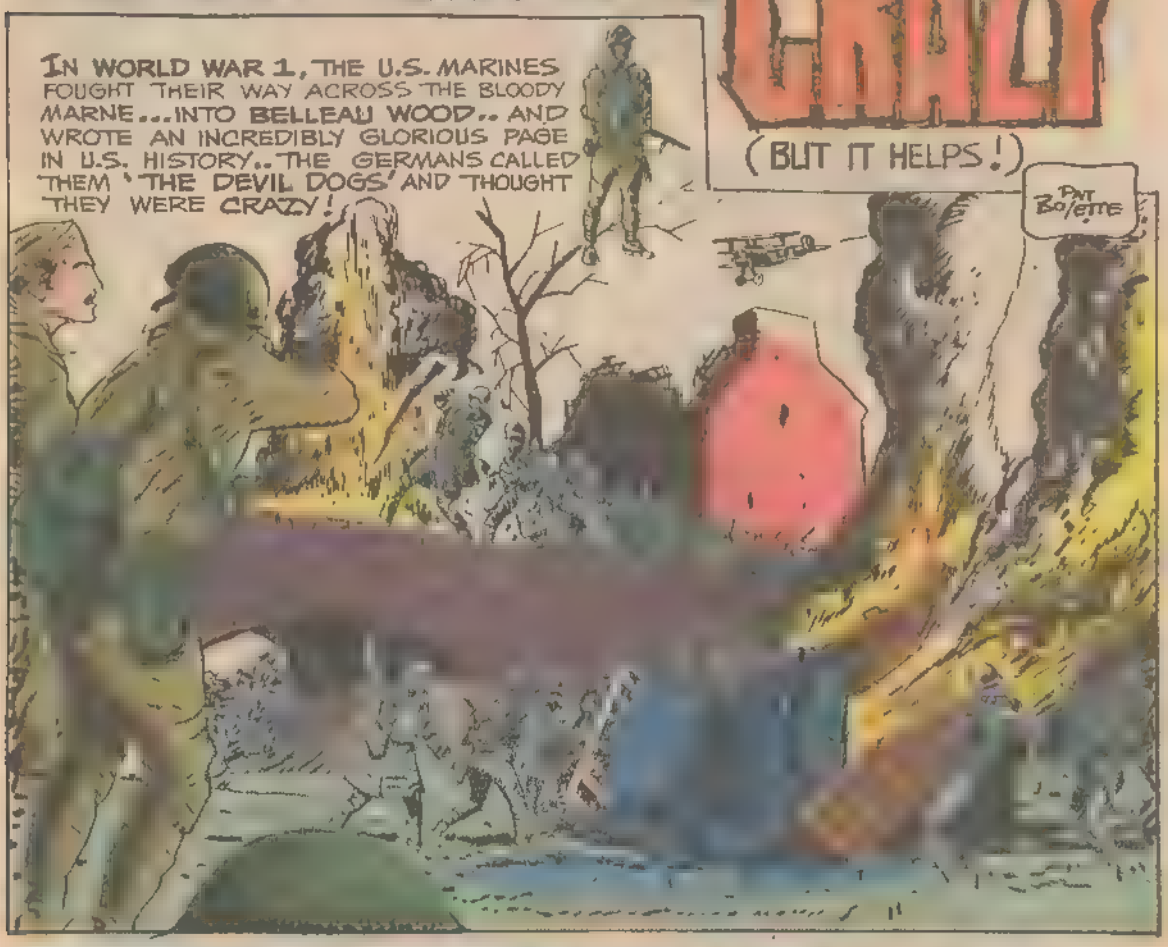
SO, TO THE BOOTS IN MARINE BOOT CAMP RIGHT NOW, THIS IS THE ANSWER TO WHY..

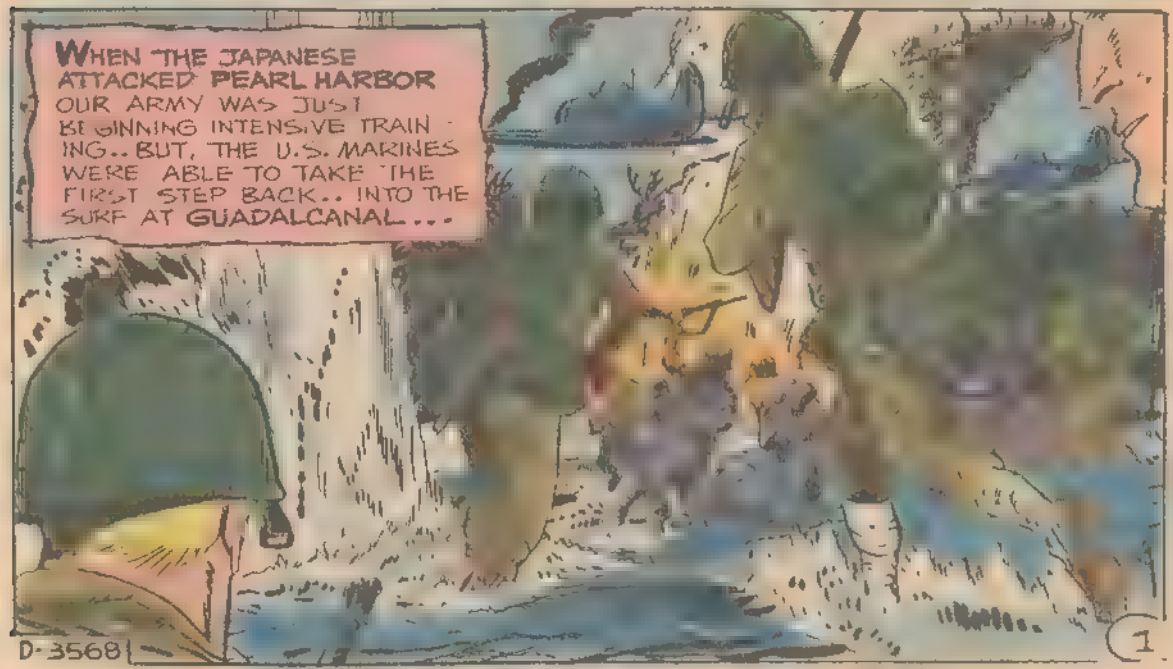

AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH YOU PUNKS, NO MATTER WHERE YA GET SENT WILL BE PARADISE! NOW FALL OUT AND GET READY FOR A LITTLE WALKIN'...LIKE A TWENTY MILES! NOW MOVE OUT ON THE DOUBLE! MOVE IT! MOVE IT!
THE END


KAMIKAZE
"KAMIKAZE" MEANT, IN JAPANESE, "DIVINE WIND" AND IT WAS THE ULTIMATE WEAPON THEY HOPED WOULD SWEEP JAPAN'S ENEMIES FROM THE SEAS!
THE JAPANESE PILOTS, COURAGEOUSLY GIVING UP THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY, AIMED THEIR DISINTEGRATING AIRCRAFT AT THE U.S. SHIPS AND...
BARROOOM
AS THE KAMIKAZE PILOTS ATTACKED AGAIN AND AGAIN, U.S. GUNNERS GOT MORE ACCURATE ...AND SHOT DOWN THE JAPS BEFORE THEY REACHED THE SHIPS!
WHAM
END
D-2444

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY

(BUT IT HELPS!)


IN WORLD WAR 1, THE U.S. MARINES FOUGHT THEIR WAY ACROSS THE BLOODY MARNE...INTO BELLEAU WOOD.. AND WROTE AN INCREDIBLY GLORIOUS PAGE IN U.S. HISTORY..THE GERMANS CALLED THEM 'THE DEVIL DOGS' AND THOUGHT THEY WERE CRAZY!
PAT BOILETTE


WHEN THE JAPANESE ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR OUR ARMY WAS JUST BEGINNING INTENSIVE TRAINING.. BUT, THE U.S. MARINES WERE ABLE TO TAKE THE FIRST STEP BACK.. INTO THE SURF AT GUADALCANAL...

D-3568

IN THE JUNGLES OF GUADALCANAL...THE MARINES HAD TO FIGHT A NEW KIND OF WAR.. ..AGAINST A FANATICAL ENEMY....
THERE WERE OTHER ISLANDS.. TARAWA.. FIGHTING IN SURF CHURNED INTO A BLOODY RED FROTH

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

THEY WERE CRAZY, PERHAPS... DRIVEN BY PATRIOTISM, PRIDE IN THE U.S. MARINE CORPS AND A DETERMINATION NOT TO GO DOWN IN DEFEAT AGAINST A VICIOUS ENEMY..TO FIGHT ON EVEN WHEN THERE SEEMED NO HOPE OF VICTORY! CRAZY LIKE THE FIRST MARINE DIV. TRAPPED IN NORTH KOREA...
THEY WERE CUT OFF BY MANY CHICOM DIVISIONS.. BUT THEY DIDN'T GIVE UP.. AS ONE GENERAL PUT IT, "THEY JUST ATTACKED IN ANOTHER DIRECTION!" THEY CLAWED TEN DIVISIONS TO BITS!
IT WASN'T REQUIRED THAT A MARINE BE CRAZY.. BUT AS THEY OFTEN SAID .. IT HELPED.. AND EVEN IN THE THANKLESS WAR IN VIET NAM, THEY DEMONSTRATED ONCE MORE THE HIGH CALIBER OF SKILL AND COURAGE THAT IS BRED INTO THE U.S. MARINES!
END

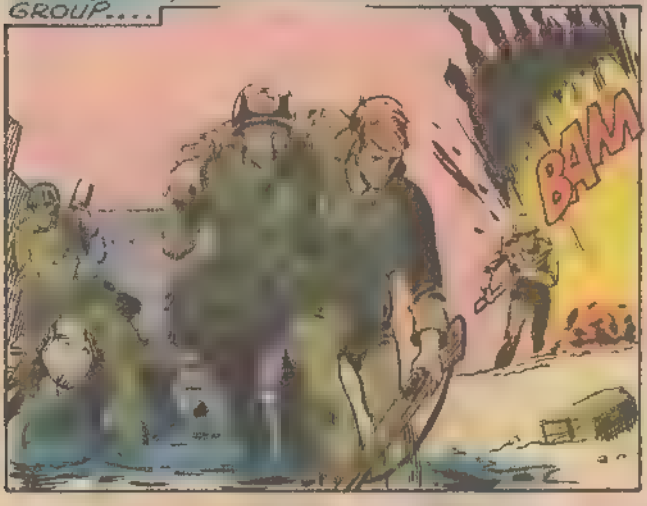
WHEN THE JAPANESE BOMBS FELL ON PEARL HARBOR DEC. 7 1941 KENNETH EGAN A YOUNG IDEALIST, WANTED TO HELP HIS COUNTRY... BUT HE WAS THE SON OF A MINISTER... AND SO HE BECAME ..A COMBAT MEDIC! CORPSMAN EGAN THOUGHT HE'D ONLY HAVE TO TEND THE WOUNDED... HE'D BE SAVING LIVES... HE DIDN'T KNOW THE TIME WOULD COME WHEN HE'D BE CALLED UPON TO HELP KILL THE ATTACKING JAPANESE! **WHAT COULD HE DO?**

I CANNOT KILL!

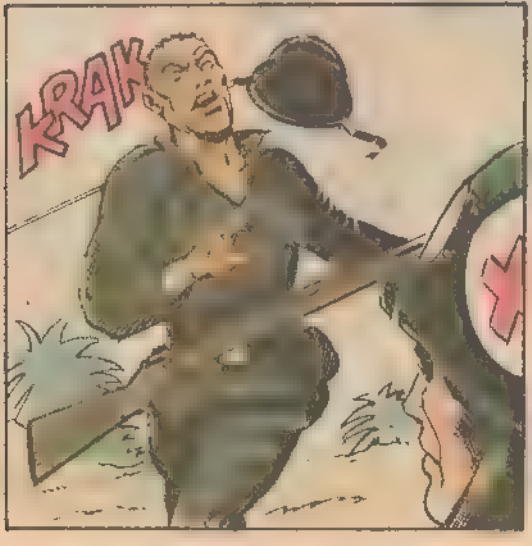
IF YOU WON'T KILL THE JAPS, TELL ME WHICH WAY TO AIM, EGAN!
DAMN YOU, EGAN YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME!
I SWORE I'D NEVER TAKE THE LIFE OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING. IF I TELL THE SARGEANT WHERE TO SHOOT, WON'T I BE A KILLER?
USMC
D-3183
DON PERLIN

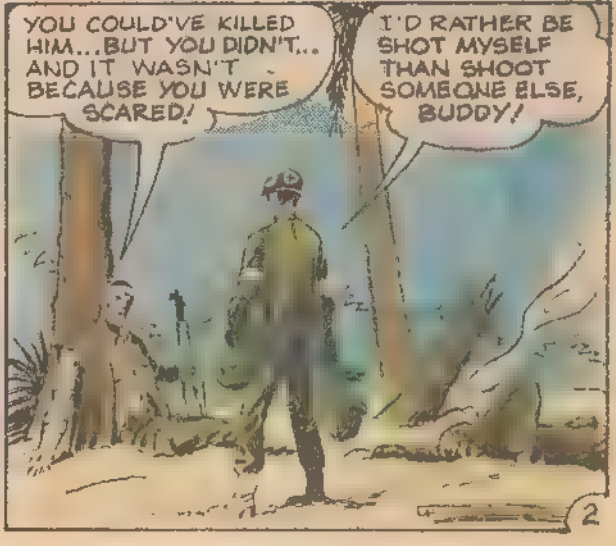
BEFORE THAT DAY OF CRISIS, KEN EGAN HAD NO REAL PROBLEMS...HE LANDED WITH THE MARINES AT TARAWA IN THE GILBERT ISLAND NOV. 22, 1943...

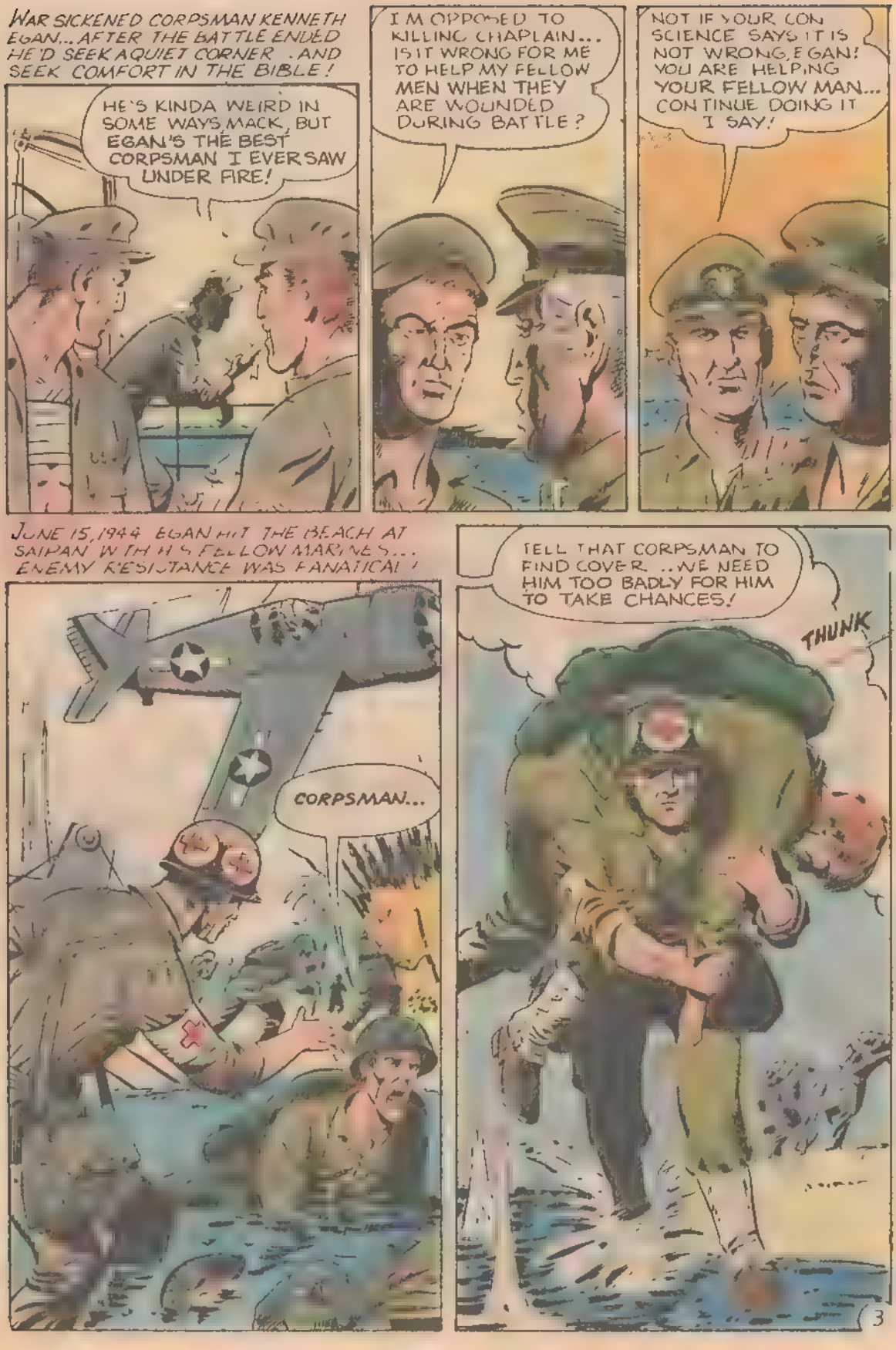
NEXT HE WAS WITH THE MARINES LANDING ON FEB 6, 1944, AT ENIWETOK IN THE MARSHAL GROUP....



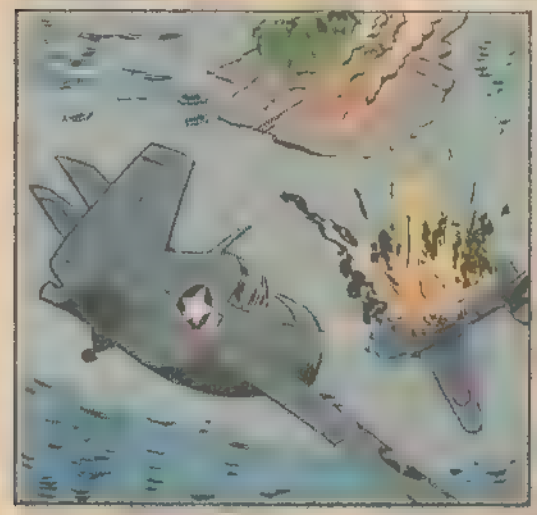
BUT IN THOSE CAMPAIGNS, HE NEVER TOUCHED A WEAPON . HE ADHERED TO HIS PRINCIPLES...

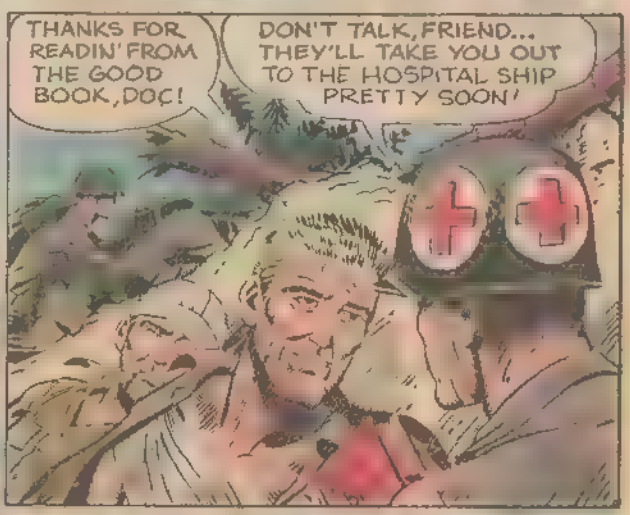



YOU COULD'VE KILLED HIM...BUT YOU DIDN'T... AND IT WASN'T BECAUSE YOU WERE SCARED!
I'D RATHER BE SHOT MYSELF THAN SHOOT SOMEONE ELSE, BUDDY!

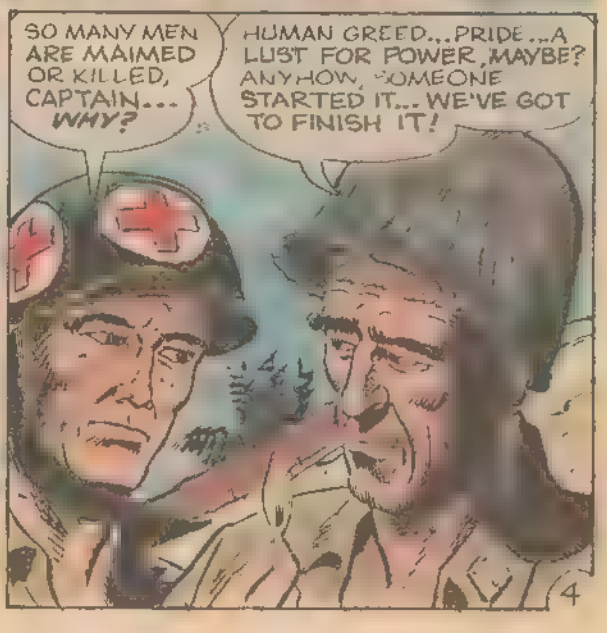

WAR SICKENED CORPSMAN KENNETH EGAN... AFTER THE BATTLE ENDED HE'D SEEK A QUIET CORNER . AND SEEK COMFORT IN THE BIBLE!
HE'S KINDA WEIRD IN SOME WAYS MACK, BUT EGAN'S THE BEST CORPSMAN I EVER SAW UNDER FIRE!
I'M OPPOSED TO KILLING CHAPLAIN... IS IT WRONG FOR ME TO HELP MY FELLOW MEN WHEN THEY ARE WOUNDED DURING BATTLE?
NOT IF YOUR CONSCIENCE SAYS IT IS NOT WRONG, EGAN! YOU ARE HELPING YOUR FELLOW MAN... CONTINUE DOING IT I SAY!
JUNE 15, 1944 EGAN HIT THE BEACH AT SAIPAN WITH HIS FELLOW MARINES... ENEMY RESISTANCE WAS FANATICAL!
CORPSMAN...
TELL THAT CORPSMAN TO FIND COVER ..WE NEED HIM TOO BADLY FOR HIM TO TAKE CHANCES!
THUNK

SAIPAN WAS THE WORST UP TILL THEN... THE JAPS PINNED THE MARINES DOWN ON THE BEACHES... THEY HAD FIGHTER PLANES . AND FOR AWHILE IT SEEMED AS IF THE MARINES WOULD GET SHOVED INTO THE SEA!





SOME COULDN'T BE SAVED... IN THIS LIFE, BUT KENNETH EGAN STILL TRIED TO HELP THEM FIND PEACE!


SO MANY MEN ARE MAIMED OR KILLED, CAPTAIN... WHY?
HUMAN GREED... PRIDE... A LUST FOR POWER, MAYBE? ANYHOW, SOMEONE STARTED IT... WE'VE GOT TO FINISH IT!

FOOT BY FOOT, YARD BY YARD ...THE MARINES FOUGHT THEIR WAY UP FROM THE BEACHES!
HEY, DOC...WE JUST GOT HOT GRUB! TAKE MINE, I'LL SEND FOR MORE!
THANKS, MIKE!
YOU STILL A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR, KEN? NOT THAT I OBJECT... SOME OF THE GUYS WHO WERE BADOFF SWEAR YOU PULLED THEM THROUGH WHEN YOU READ FROM THE BIBLE!
I WAS TAUGHT NEVER TO RAISE MY HAND TO HARM MY FELLOW MAN!
I DON'T THINK ANYTHING COULD EVER MAKE ME CHANGE MY MIND!
IF IT MEANT SAVIN' YOUR HIDE, DOC, YOU'D FORGET YOU'RE A PACIFIST!
THE JAPS MOVED UP DURING THE NIGHT...THEY MASSED AROUND THE MARINES WHO WERE DUG IN... WAITING
5

THEY STARTED AT DAWN... JAPANESE MORTARS OPENED FIRE FIRST...
JAP MORTAR ATTACK! GET DOWN
MEDIC! MEDIC!
CHUNG
CHUNG
TAKE THEM FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, GUNNER!
THAT'S IT!
RAT-TAT-TA
A MORTAR SHELL DID IT...
BAAROOM
A DIRECT HIT!
GUNNER AND JOE ARE DEAD,...HOW ARE YOU, SARGE?
MY EYES, DOC, I CAN'T SEE!
JAPS ARE MOVING UP, MIKE!
USE THE MACHINE GUN, DOC... YOU GOTTA HOLD THEM BACK!
YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, SARGE! I CAN'T!
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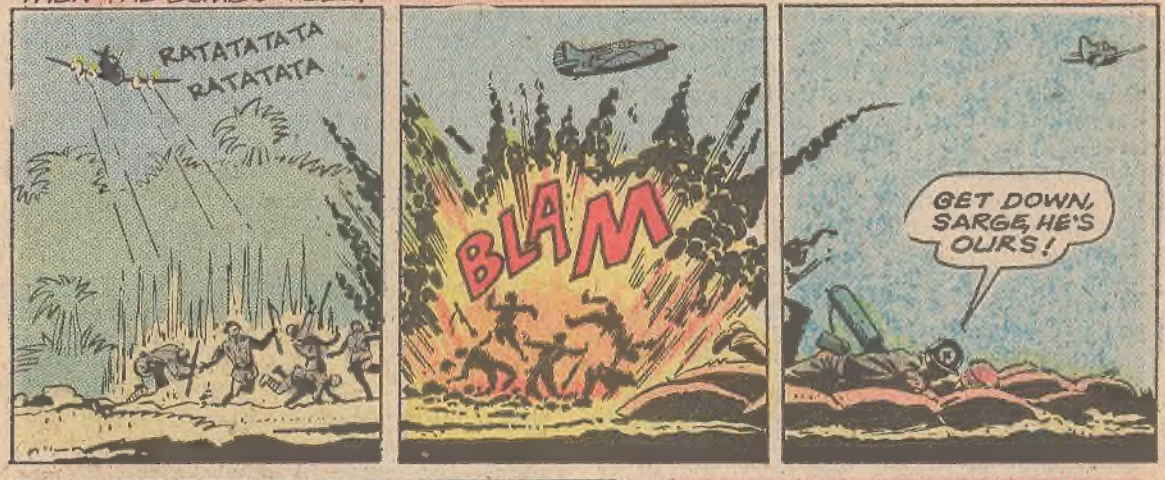
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

DAMN YOU, MEDIC! TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE... I'LL PULL THE TRIGGER
I CAN'T, SARGE! I CAN'T HELP YOU KILL THEM EITHER!
I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE, MIKE... THEY'LL HAVE TO GET ME FIRST!
EGAN! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
KRAK
PING
BOOUNG

THE ENEMY WERE WATCHING CORPSMAN EGAN... THEY NEVER SAW THE SCREAMING CARRIER PLANE UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE! THE .50 CALIBER GUNS RIPPED INTO THEM! THEN THE BOMBS FELL!



I THOUGHT WE WERE WIPED OUT, DOC!
DON'T EVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF PRAYER, MIKE! COME ON I THINK WE'RE BOTH DUE FOR SOME PATCHIN' UP!
KENNETH EGAN WENT ON HELPING HIS FELLOW MARINES UNTIL JAPAN SURRENDERED! AT THE SAME TIME HE FOUGHT HIS PRIVATE WAR AND WON... HE EMERGED WITH HIS IDEALS INTACT!
END

My name is Sam Spolo and officially I do not exist. My task is a definite one. To help our government and those of the friendly nations to fight the spy system of the enemy powers. And also any agency of the United States may call upon me for help. When needed, I have unlimited powers and all the money we must have for a given operation. My assistant at the present time is Ben Manners.

We train our agents both in the classroom and in the field. I was asked this time to lecture about the techniques used by couriers and foreign agents to carry instructions and information to spies and saboteurs. So here you can learn about some of the things I lectured to these people for an entire week. Nothing vital to our defense will be told to you.

We start with a situation in which a person is suspected of being a courier. The courier is simply employed to carry instructions to agents in other parts of the world. That is the primary function. An agent may or may not be a courier. We learn that a certain person is suspected of being a courier. That person is shadowed by a team of our agents. But how does that suspected person carry the information? It may be in something around him, it may be on his person, and in some rare cases, it may even be within his person. So let me illustrate with some actual cases.

Mr. X made trips to various countries. We were certain he was a courier. But how did he conceal the information he was carrying? Bear in mind that you can put a lot of data on a microfilm... which is very small. Our men that followed him came up with this fact: That in each of the cities in the countries to which he travelled, he always went to a dental office. True, he might need dental care. But that didn't seem reasonable. So we watched these different dental offices... there were five of them. And we checked out very carefully the background of each dentist. Four were citizens of other countries. Only one was a native born. Not one had a large practice. Yet each one did live very comfortably. Put it this way, estimating the income of each, it was apparent that each must be spending more money than obtained by the practice of dentistry. And we watched very carefully. We closed in on two of them and this is what we learned:

The man we suspected was indeed a courier. He wore upper and lower dentures or plates as they are sometimes called. His upper denture had a compartment into which microfilm fitted. And we even got a bonus. A man we did not even suspect or know about, was also a courier. He carried the microfilm in a false tooth, attached to a bridge.

A most unusual case concerned a man we will call X-2. He was an agent and also a courier. In fact, he was arrested on three occasions. He was searched thoroughly. We even used X-rays and electronic equipment. And we went over his baggage. Ripped it all apart. Oh, he demanded payment - and we paid. We came to the conclusion that he had come up with something new. But what was it? He was an accomplished pianist. He gave recitals. We went to them. And then, Ben Manners got an idea.

"That fellow is a genius at the piano. A two hour recital - all from memory. If he has a tremendous memory for music, why can't he just memorize his orders?"

And that is exactly what he did! We offered him a fabulous sum of money, to be paid to him in Switzerland, if he would come over to our side. Which he did. And Ben Manners was correct. His memory was fantastic. What we learned from him was well worth the money we gave him. But how did he get such a remarkable ability? He claimed he inherited from his father, who travelled with a circus and did an act called: "The Memory Man." His musical ability he claimed he inherited from his mother. Why did he become an agent for a foreign power? By the way, he was not an American. He enjoyed the good things of life and liked money. Leave it at that!

We have our counter-intelligent agents stationed abroad. We learned that a shirt salesman who went to various countries was a courier. We picked him up several times. Went over his shirts very carefully. Figured something may have been printed on the shirts in invisible ink. The ink becomes legible when either treated with chemicals... or put under infra-red rays. No success. We then concentrated upon one individual. We figured he was getting the messages. Three of the best security men in that country helped us.

And then one of them came to us. He had an idea. There was a big smile on his face. He showed us an ordinary pin. The kind even used to pin the sleeves to a shirt. Then he put the pin head under a very powerful microscope. What we read was the Lord's Prayer!

"My family went to London," he said..." to visit an aunt of mine. My son bought this novelty at a fair. I think that is how they are getting their messages across."

He was right. We were checking over the shirts but neglecting everything else. A good lesson for us. I hope to be able in another later article to tell you more about the tricks and techniques used by couriers and agents.